Cres. Blind feare that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing, then blind reason, stumbling without feare: to feare the worst oft cures the worse.

Troy. O let my Lady apprehend no feare,
In all *Cupids* pageant there is presented no monster.

Cres. Nor nothing monstrous neither.

Troy. Nothing but our undertakings, when wee vow to weepe seas, liue in fire, eate rockes, tame Tygers, thinking it harder for our mistresse to deuise imposition ynough then for vs to vndergoe any difficulty imposed. This the monstruosity in loue Lady, that the will is infinite and the execution confind, that the desire is boundlesse, and the act a slaue to limite.

Cres. They say all louers sweare more performance then they are able, and yet reserue an ability that they neuer performe: vowing more then the perfection of ten: and discharging lesse then the tenth part of one. They that haue the voyce of Lyons, and the act of Hares are they not monsters?

Troy. Are there such: such are not we; Praise vs as wee are tasted, allow vs as we proue: our head shall goe bare till merit louer part no affection in reuersion shall haue a praise in present: we will not name desert before his birth, and being borne, his addition shall bee humble: few wordes to faire faith. *Troylus* shall be such to *Cressid*, as what enuy can say worst shall bee a mocke for his truth, and what truth can speake truest not truer then *Troylus*.

Cres. Will you walke in my Lord?

Pand. What blushing still, haue you not done talking yet?

Cres. VVell Vncle what folly I commit I dedicate to you.

Pand. I thanke you for that, if my Lord gette a boy of you, youle giue him me: be true to my Lord, if he flinch chide me for it.

Troy: You know now your hostages, your Vncles word and my firme faith.

Pand. Nay ile giue my word for her too: our kindred though they be long ere they bee wood, they are constant

being wonne, they are burres I can tell you, theyle st
where they are throwne.

Cres. Bouldnesse comes to me now and brings me h
Prince *Troylus* I haue loued you night and day, for m
weary moneths.

Troy: Why was my *Cressid* then so hard to wyn?

Cres: Hard to seeme wonne: but I was wonne my Lor
With the first glance; that euer pardon me
If I confesse much you will play the tyrant,
I loue you now, but till now not so much
But I might maister it; in faith I lye,
My thoughts were like vnbrideled children grone
Too headstrong for their mother: see wee fooles,
VVhy haue I blab'd: who shall be true to vs
VVhen we are so vnsecret to our selues.
But though I loue'd you well, I woed you not,
And yet good faith I wisht my selfe a man;
Or that we women had mens priuiledge
Of speaking first. Sweete bid me hold my tongue,
For in this rapture I shall surely speake
The thing I shall repent: see see your silence
Comming in dumbnesse, from my weaknesse drawes
My very soule of councell. Stop my mouth.

Troy: And shall, albeit sweet musique issues thence.

Pand. Pretty yfaith.

Cres. My Lord I doe beseech you pardon me,
Twas not my purpose thus to begge a kisse:
I am asham'd; O Heauens what haue I done!
For this time will I take my leaue my Lord.

Troy: Your leaue sweete *Cressid*:

Pan: Leaue: and you take leaue till to morrow morni

Cres: Pray you content you. *Troy:* What offends you l

Cres sir mine own company.

Troy: You cannot shun your selfe.

Cres: Let me goe and try:
I haue a kind of selfe recids with you:
But an vnkinde selfe, that it selfe will leaue,
To be anothers foole. I would be gone: